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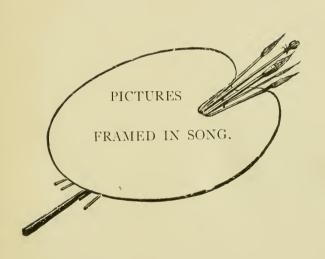


















JULIA HARRIS MAY.

PICTURES

FRAMED IN

SONG

BY

JULIA HARRIS MAY

FOR ART CLUBS, SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES



1907 Mayhew Publishing Company Boston

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JULIA HARRIS MAY

AUBURN," ME.

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To My

Art and Literature Classes.

J.H.M.



CONTENTS

[The Poems marked thus (*) are illustrated.]

PORTRAIT OF JULIA HARRIS MAY, Frontispiece.

		PA	GE.
Across the Sea,			13
Artist's Secret, The			61
Ат Номе,			72
Bavarian Jewels,	-		6
Cathedral of the Woods,	-		67
Chapel of the Skies,			69
* Christ of the Andes, The .			80
* Distance of the Years, The			28
Double Rainbow, The			12
* Face of Jesus, The		-	78
His Story,			54
"I PAINT THE QUEEN,"			34
* KING OF ROME, THE		-	53
* Ledge, The			97

	PAGE
* Legend of the Madonna of the	
Chair, A	25
* Leif Ericson,	93
LITTLE MASTERS, THE	. 21
* Paint the Sky First,	. 23
* Pictures Can Any Language Speak,	19
PIERPOLE, THE LAST INDIAN OF THE SANDY	, 40
Presence of the King, The	. 82
* Prince Imperial, The	57
* Queen Louise of Prussia,	. 65
Rainbow of the Years, The	. IĪ
* Rossetti's Buried Songs,	. 30
* Rowing Across,	- 37
* Shadow of Her Face, The	- 95
SIMPLICITY THE HIGHEST ART,	. 84
TEACHER'S ROSES, THE	- 4
* Trianon, The	. 32
Universal Language, The	. 10
We Pass This Way but Once,	. 1
WIVES' OBEDIENCE THE	86

WE PASS THIS WAY BUT ONCE.

"I pass this way but once,"
The eager traveller cried.
"And though I may be dubbed a dunce Outré, undignified,
I'll mount with joy this peak.
Do not my mounting blame
Laugh not because new things I seek
For that is why I came.

"I have a friend at home
Who longed to come with me.
It is because she could not come
I would these beauties see.
I long to tell her all
That I am seeing here.
Some gift I seek, or large or small,
Some little souvenir,

"That I may take to her;
Because I love her so,
And say, 'I am so sorry dear;
That you could not go'—
Then laugh at me who will,
I care not if you laugh.
The joy that doth my bosom thrill
I cannot tell you half—''

We pass this way but once,
Life-travellers, oh, say,
Why do we leave our road to chance,
Or blindly walk the way?

Oh, why neglect them so,
The earth, and sea, and sky,
Where God walks daily, since we know
Once only, we pass by?

Are there not hills of truth
Forever beckoning?
Oh, why not climb them, nor forsooth,
Be idly wandering?
For soon we must go home
Across the rolling tide,
And know full well, we cannot come
Back again this side.

But when we touch the shore
Of that dear fatherland,
We shall be glad, forevermore,
Clasping our loved one's hand,
And thinking what this earth
Has taught us sweet and fair,
To know how much we have that's worth
Telling over there.

And every lovely thing,

The tender and the sweet,

I think we shall be glad to bring

To Our dear Father's feet.

If He says, "Wandering child,

What have you brought to me?

From that far-off foreign land

Come and let me see,"

Shall we not gladly run,
And say, "Here Father, here,
We've brought you, now the journey's done,
Many a souvenir."
And will He kindly turn
To us, and softly say,
"I am so glad you tried to learn
All along the way.

Nothing was so small,
Child, it did not hold,
For the eye that looked at all,
Lessons manifold.''
Oh let me look to-day,
And every day, the same,
And, though I pass but once this way,
Be better that I came.

THE TEACHER'S ROSES.*

June roses in her kindly hands. A lady walked the street, And watched the waifs from many lands Go forth with tripping feet Unto the schoolhouse; as she walked, A small Italian boy Before her pathway quickly stalked, His eyes brim-full of joy, And gently touched the fragrant stems, "I want um. Give me some," He said, "I han't no flowers like thems. I want um. Give me um." "They're mine" the smiling lady said. "Gimme um" still he cried. She lifted up the tangled head And pushed the curls aside, And said, "You want my flowers do you? And want them for your mother?" He pulled a crimson rose anew, And said, "I doesn't nuther, I want to gimme my teacher though," Oh, how the black eyes shone. "I love her, love her, love her so. Oh, gimme, gimme one." The rose was his. He rushed away, Her lovelight in his eyes, To give his "virginissima Santissima'' the prize.

* Suggested by a story told by Mrs. Alice Freeman C. Palmer before the Woman's Club in Cambridge, some years since.

Oh sweet young teacher in the slums, The hardest place you sought. But, ah, how quick the blessing comes. You have not worked for nought. Your gracious beauty fills the aisles Where happy children stand. They read their duty in your smiles, And wait for no command. They copy not your words alone, Or manners or position. "To be like teacher" when they're grown, The height of their ambition. They bring you many a tender gift, They cover you with roses, The bud those little hands uplift, The flower of love discloses. Thus shall it be while life endures; The sweetness that you throw On other hearts, shall come to yours,

As long as roses grow.

BAVARIAN JEWELS.

Frederick, the Duke of Suabia,
By the sacrament he swore
That Wolf, the Duke of Bavaria,
Should threaten him no more.
By the sacrament he swore it,
And, on the self-same night,
The horsemen of the Ghibeline,
By lord and peasant lad were seen,
Hastening to the fight.

In the castle of old Weinsburg,
Wolf by his lady swore,
"Tis the horsemen of Duke Frederick,
I have heard their tramp before.
I have heard their hateful tramping,
And their waving plumes have seen,
The Guelph is ready for the fight,
Woe to the Ghibeline."

Then he called his faithful vassals,
And closed the heavy gate,
While all his trusty followers
By the open draw-bridge wait;
By the open draw-bridge wait they,
For the signal from their head,
And they whisper curses loud and deep,
"Soon shall the maids of Suabia weep
For their lovers lying dead."

* * * *

The morning sun is shining, The drawbridge is in place. And many a brave Bavarian
Lies wounded in the face.
Shouts Frederick's conquering army,
"Open the castle gate,
For Wolf, the rebel duke, must come,
And all his vassals one by one
To meet a righteous fate."

But the wife of the conquered noble
Trusts not Duke Frederick's faith;
Will not believe him, though he says,
"Wolf shall be safe from death.
Safe from my bow and arrows,
Safe from our bloody swords,
And he must bring
In the name of the king,
His vassels and his lords."

She dares not trust Duke Frederick,
But a faithful page she speeds
To ask a boon of the king himself,
And thus he intercedes:
"In the name of our holy lady,
Our lady sweet and true,
The wife of Wolf, the conquered duke,
Your cruel deeds will not rebuke,
But asks a boon of you.

"Oh noble valiant emperor,
Bavarian maids are fair;
Bavarian wives they love their lords,
And costly things to wear,

And jewels for their hair, my lord,
To make their beauty bright.
Let us bring out,
To the castle moat,
Things precious in our sight."

Konrad replied "I grant. Come forth!
Come forth, Bavarian wives!
Bring all your precious things, though worth
A fortune in your eyes.
We will not hurt a pretty maid.
Our men are brave, but true,

Our men are brave, but true,
They shall not harm your matrons fair;
Bring forth the pretty things you wear,
And bring your jewels too.''

The castle doors are open now
Look! through the ponderous gate,
A blushing line of ladies comes;
Not a moment do they wait.
Not a moment do they wait, for lo!
Upon their backs they bear

Upon their backs they bear More precious things Than crowns of kings, Or jewels queens may wear.

King Konrad sees with tearful eyes,
Duke Frederick's oaths are checked.
Oh, not with jewels for their hair,
Bavarian wives are decked,
Not with rich bracelets for their arms,
Nor clothes of Suabian flax;
What is this wondrous, precious thing,
Trembling across the bridge they bring,
Upon their very backs?

Each brings her husband! Konrad sees.

He waves his kingly hand.

"Duke Frederick, let these people go,
It is my stern command.

Husbands and wives, let them go forth,
And let my subjects know,
Konrad the king must ever heed
A noble and a loving deed,
Performed by friend or foe.

"A costly banquet I'll prepare,
To-night upon my life,
These Guelphs I will invite to come,
The husband with his wife
Freedom to all is freely given
Given by the king himself,
Duke Frederick, we will ever heed
A noble and a loving deed,
In Ghibeline or Guelph."

THE UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE

If to a foreign land you roam Knowing alone the speech of home, And hear no fond, familiar word, How is your soul within you stirred To see a smile on some kind face, To hear a voice of tuneful grace! The smile, the song, they do not need Interpretation. These indeed Speak native tongue to you, and so, A universal language show.

Though the tired lip no word can speak, Though the dazed ear in vain doth seek To understand, the smile is still Translated into glad good will, And the sweet voice doth often bring A wordless joy upon its wing.

I sometimes wonder with what speech The angels' lips our ears will reach, And what the dialect will be Of all the glorious family Of the forgiven, when we go Unto the land no man doth know, And, just beyond the pearly gate For a familiar accent wait.

Perchance a smile, perchance, a song Will come to us from that great throng Till we discover with surprise These are the Language of the Skies.

THE RAINBOW OF THE YEARS.

Seven artists as I learn from ancient seers Form the Great Masters'—Rainbow of the Years.

The first and best that Italy can show Is the great sculptor Michael Angelo.

The second, whom the first place some assign, Is Santi Raphael, almost the Divine.

The third, most versatile of any man, L. Leonardo, painter at Milan.

The fourth is Titian, mixing all his dyes, After the pattern of Venetian skies.

The fifth, Correggio, whose unrivalled grace Gave fame forever to his native place.

The sixth is Rubens of such wondrous skill, That in old Antwerp he seems living still.

The seventh is Rembrandt, whose skilled fingers made
Chiaroscuro, out of light and shade.

As Iris made her bow of colors seven, So these seven artists, to the world were given;

And, in the sky of Beauty, still they shine, A promise of an art still more divine.

THE DOUBLE RAINBOW.

But as I look again what do I see? A double rainbow shows itself to me Just as along the cloud-hung summer sky A fainter bow doth sometimes reach mine eye.

The great Velasquez, glory of old Spain, Looks down reprovingly on me again; And my Murillo, Woman's painter styled, Shows me his cherubs sweet and undefiled.

Del Sarto whom Lucretia so beguiled Faultily faultless, yet by men reviled. And Botticelli limned in shining gold Shows many a face of loveliness untold.

Angelico whose angel faces shine In his old cloister, with a light divine, And English Reynolds' loving children's faces, They, to all time, repeating childish graces.

The seventh? I am not sure. I'll look again. Durer or Holbein, Hals or Claude Lorraine? Or Turner, through a sunset mist, I see, And just one glimpse of Whistler, comes to me.

My double rainbow vanishes in air, But Art and Beauty, they are everywhere.

ACROSS THE SEA.

And have you been across the sea,
Across the sea of Dreams?
And did you sail right merrily
Beneath the pale moonbeams?
And did you see the phantom ship,
And which way did she go?
And did you see her white sails dip,
I should like to know?

Yes, I have been across the sea,
But not the sea of Dreams,
The ocean has come true to me,
And it no longer seems
So very wide, so very far,
With dangers all beset,
Oh blue, blue sea, with mirrored star,
Can I your face forget?

And did you reach the other side?
What saw you over there?
Are men like giants? Do they ride
Upon the wings of air?
And do they speak with other tongues?
And do the children grow?
And are the young folks ever young,
I should like to know?

Yes, I have reached the other side.
'Tis very much like this.
The men are men; a bride's a bride;
The smile, the tear, the kiss,

Are just like yours; the boys and girls
Are like your own, perchance
The girls have lips and cheeks, and curls,
And feet that like to dance.

And did you go to Heidelberg,
That seat of power and fame,
And pass the Passes of the Murgh,
Where goblins went and came?
And did you stand on Bingen's plain
And view the scene below?
And sing the old song once again,
I should like to know?

I climbed Germania's vinectad height,
And looked upon the scene.
It filled my heart with new delight,
And yet, I saw between
The olden castles and the towers,
Green garden spots that bore
The very homegrown homely flowers
Picked at my mother's door.

And did you go to Switzerland?
And did you see Mount Blanc?
And did you by the glaciers stand,
And look way down upon
The little valleys just below?
And did you see Lucerne?
And pick the Eidelweiss, and go
To feed the bears at Berne?
And did you hear of William Tell?
And did the people show
The chapel where he jumped so well,
I should like to know?

Oh, yes, I went to Switzerland,
It was the best of all.
Beside the peaks I loved to stand;
I saw Schaffhausen Fall,
I saw the Lion of Lucerne,
And saw the Pictured bridges;
And fed the funny bears at Berne;
And rode round Brunnen ridges;
I saw the home of William Tell
The jumping-off-place, too—
Some people think 'tis so, and well,
Some don't. I do, do you?

And did you go to Holland pray,
To see the dikes and runes?
And did you listen every day
To our forefathers' tunes?
And did you see the little queen
And watch the windmills blow?
And are the Dutch folks very clean,
I should like to know?

I did not see the little queen
She knew not I was there—
But saw a maiden Evelyn,
And thought her very fair;
My heart prepared a crown for her,
A garland for her head,
Her father was a minister
From Michigan, they said.

You did not go to Greece, or Rome,
You surely were not there.
You did not stand by Virgil's tomb,
Or sit in Cæsar's chair,
You did not see the Vatican,
Or kiss the Pope's great toe,
Nor walk the streets where armies ran
In centuries ago.
You did not see the gondoliers
Or watch the Arno's blue
Above the dust of all the years;
You didn't now, did you?

I did not sit in Cæsar's chair
Or kiss the Pope's great toe.
Next time, I shall be going there,
I'd like to have you know.
But I saw some things very fine,
And some things very sweet,
And wished they could be yours and mine
To make our home complete.
I did not go to Greece, or Rome,
But what is better far,
Back across the seas I've come,
Where all the home folks are.

And when you came across the sea
Did you like the motion?
Did you think that you should be
Drowned beneath the ocean?
And did you count the miles each day
When the ship came over?

And when you landed did you say
"Nevermore a rover"?
And when you reached the little vale,
Where all the home folks go
Were you glad to hear "All hail"
I should like to know?

No, when I came across the sea, I was not very ill, I did not think that I should be Drowned. I love it still. The deep, deep sea, so bright, and blue, Or green, with snowy foam, I watched it, day by day, and knew It was the pathway home. Yes, when I landed, I was glad That I had crossed the main: And glad of the good times I'd had, And glad to go again. Now if there's any other thing, To keep my rhyme in tow, Just give your questioning its wing, What do you want to know?



PICTURES CAN ANY LANGUAGE SPEAK.

Inside a Paris Church, one day, I sat; my home was far away, The language of that foreign land I could not fully understand. "N'est-ce pas," "Pardon," one whispering said "Vous comprenez?" I shook my head. The words the chanting bishop cried. Were Greek to me. Unsatisfied. I looked around the room to find Some help for my confused mind. And saw, above the altar shine, A picture with a face divine, Whose eves were fixed upon mine own. Like eyes my long-lost youth had known. An upward pointed hand I saw, And lips that seemed to speak. With awe And wonder, and delight, I gazed. Half comforted, and half amazed. The stammering throng. I heard them not. The priest, the people, I forgot; Forgot my loneliness, and knew A wider vision, farther view, Through heart and brain. I felt a thrill Of rapture all the silence fill; And, overhead, now far, now near, Heard whispered words none else could hear. "Be comjorted." The chaliced priest Toned on until the service ceased: I listened not. My heart had heard

A sermon that its being stirred; Of hope, of faith, of God and Heaven; Of comfort to the Wanderer given; And this sweet truth, not far to seek, Pictures can any language speak.



THE LITTLE MASTERS.

Not to the mighty things
He soared, his fame to swell
With humble heart and folded wings
He did the small things well.

The lowly cottage hearth
He painted, saying, "I
Will learn, at first, to paint the earth
And afterwards, the sky."

No valiant Hercules
This artist tried to limn,
He painted birds, and flowers, and trees
Instead of Seraphim.

And now, his life-work done, Even as his pencil ceases, Men call his pictures, one by one, The little masterpieces.

Dost think thy life-work small?
Dost think thy colors dull?
Oh, do thy best, and men shall call
Thy pictures beautiful.

And though they praise thee not Work on, and watch, and wait, To Him who marketh out thy lot, There is no small or great.



PAINT THE SKY FIRST,

An artist of rare skill
And genius manifold,
Did not outline his picture till,
In tints of blue and gold,
Upon the canvas, lifted high,
He spread the colors of the sky.

And when the sky was done, He painted all below To match in every hue and tone, Until it seemed as though The very shadows were in love With colors copied from above.

But when the work begun
Was finished, 'twas so fine,
They did not think of sky or sun,
But only how divine
The landscape was; how cool and sweet
The spot where lights and shadows meet!

Yes, let the sky come first;
This is the lesson taught.
That lifetime is, alas, the worst
Whose skies are latest wrought.
For, finished with the greatest care,
Something is always lacking there.

God first and Earth the last,
What better rule than this?
If thou dost wish the work thou hast
To be a masterpiece,
Whose smallest touches, lightly given
On Earth and Seas, are toned to Heaven?

Oh, hast thou painted well
Thy picture's glorious sky?
Hast not? And longest to excel?
Then lift to Heaven thine eye;
And let thy work its colors wear—
Paint not the ground till skies are there.



A LEGEND OF THE MADONNA OF THE CHAIR.

Within the land of Italy,
Four hundred years ago,
There lived a monk of piety,
(His name was Bernardo)
Who built a little house for prayer,
And spent his time in worship there.

"Are you not lonely?" people said.

He looked at them and smiled,
And gently shook his silvering head,
And answered, meek and mild,
"Oh, no, for have I not with me,
Two daughters, for society?"

The wondering people looked at him, Confounded, and perplexed. "He's growing old. His sight is dim. What will he tell us next?"
He answered, "One is sweet Marie.
The other is my old oak tree."

A neighbor's child was sweet Marie;
To all so kind and good.
And, close beside an old oak tree
Bernardo's cottage stood.
And these two, "daughters," thus he styled,
The oak tree, and his neighbor's child.

Time passed. A mountain freshet came,
And swept the woods away.
"Bernardo's old, Bernardo's lame,
He must be lost' they say.
But Mary quickly ran to see,
And found him, clinging to the tree.

She saved him. "My two daughters, they Have saved my life," he cried.
And thanked the Lord, by night and day, Until the night he died.
They buried him beneath his tree, And Mary mourned him bitterly.

Years pass again. The storm beats down.
Nor yet the old oak saves.
It falls. The tree, a giant grown,
Is cut in bits for staves.
And Mary's husband, at his task,
Now makes of them, his cooper's cask.

A painter wanders through the land, Called the Divine, by grace. Of generous heart, and skilful hand, Seeking a lovely face. He finds the cooper hammering, And thus he asks, half stammering:

"Your lovely wife in yonder chair, The babe upon her knee, And that sweet boy with golden hair Are beautiful to me; Will you allow me, man, to take A copy for the Virgin's sake?"

The willing cooper answered, "Yes."
There was no canvas near,
Or paper, for the sketch, no less
The picture came out clear,
Upon an oaken barrel head,
Made from Bernardo's oak, 'tis said.

The sketch was finished, Raphael Paid for the sitting there, And called it, as do all as well, "Madonna of the Chair." More beautiful to you, and me, For this strange legend of the tree.

Oh when in Pitti Gallery,
This masterpiece you see,
If one should ask you, doubtingly,
"How can this story be?"
"This is not wooden." Bid them go
And say, the poet told you so.

ll sandla.



THE DISTANCE OF THE YEARS.

An artist known to fame
Painted his pictures so
That those who close beside him came
To see the landscape grow
Seeming to find strange marks amiss
Cried out, "What amateur is this?"

But, when the work was done

And far behind they stood

To gaze upon it, one by one,

They whispered, "Oh! how good—

See how each color burns and glows, As to a masterpiece it grows."

Thus life sometimes appears.

Each awkward rough-drawn line,
Seen from the distance of the years,
Where shade and life combine
Doth with a Turner beauty glow,
That nearer vision could not know.

Thus might it be with thee
Forevermore, my friend!
What seems a blemish, only be
A beauty in the end;
Till all thy picture's grand intent
It shall more fully represent.

The picture of thy days,

Doth think it rough and rude?

Dost long to paint the grander ways

Thou hast not understood?

Oh do thy best, and have no fears.

Trust to the distance of the years.



ROSSETTI'S BURIED SONGS.

Thus sobbed Rossetti as he stood beside
The coffin of his wife Elizabeth,
The morning of her burial: "My wife,
My darling, glory of my life, my sweet
Soul-helper, and my model chaste, how can
I give thee up?" while scalding tears dropped down
And touched the face, so icy cold, below;
He placed his hand upon her marble brow,
And kissed her cheek, and kissed it once again,
And twined his fingers in her golden curls,
And cried again: "My wife Elizabeth,
How can I, can I live without thee, dear!

Open those pallid lips, and speak to me. My beautiful, mine own! One tender word. Oh, let me whisper in thy pearly ear, One loving parting word. Speak, if thou canst. Thy voice is sweeter music to my ear Than ever Orpheus made! She doth not hear! She doth not see me! Doth not seem to know That I am near her. Can it be? Oh, wake! Awake, my darling! From that upward path Where thou art climbing, turn, Oh, turn this way. I love thee: love thee! Thou art all to me. The blossom of my heart, the glorious gleam Of light, to gild my dark, the fountain clear, From which I drew sweet music. From thy lip, I caught melodious songs, and gladly learned To echo Love's own living symphonies. Thou showed'st me how to paint the crimson morn Of perfect joy. Alas, 'tis night to me! 'Tis night to me! Lift up thy little hand! Turn back a moment from the Heavenly road, And take the songs that I would give to thee. Elizabeth, my own Elizabeth! I place within the hand that still is mine, The songs and sonnets thou dids't love the best, The ones we used to sing. Thou taught'st me all. Thine, thine they are. No eye shall look on them Except thine own. Beside thy milk-white hand, Thy heart more white, these latest songs I place. Take them to Heaven with thee." They bore her to the grave, Rossetti close Beside her. When they buried her, his last, Best gift, his Song of Songs, lav close against Her heart.



THE TRIANON.

Oh, lovely little Trianon,
I stand and look at thee.
Thy gravelled walk, thy mirrored pond;
Thy geometric tree;
And, as I look, there falls between,
The shadow of the guillotine.

I hear the voice of Antoinette,
Beneath these branches call,
I see the beds of orange set
By yonder palace wall.
I listen. What is that I hear?
Oh, Liberty, dost thou draw near?

"So beautiful," my lips repeat;
"So terrible," my heart;
Beneath the steppings of my feet,
Strange shadows seem to start;
And, as these doors I enter in,
I feel the breath of what has been.

Here is the bed where once she laid Her innocence to rest. Here is the harpsichord she played For those she loved the best; Here are the songs she used to sing, Which all these halls were echoing.

Here is the chair where once she sat
To have her portrait taken;
Just here, she donned her jaunty hat;
And here, we see her waken
From dreams of luxury and bliss,
To find what retribution is.

Oh, lovely relic of the past:
The house she called her own!
My tears upon thy face I cast,
But see, her face alone;
And ask if beauty like to this
Can hold a heart and life amiss?

And as I see the shadows here,
Upon these waters flow,
Remembering, they were just as clear
When Louis looked below,
My heart and I cannot forget
The Trianon, and Antoinette.

"I PAINT THE QUEEN."

Beside her palette, sits to-day,
Madame Le Brun. Her hand
Is lifted as she seems to say,
To those who wondering stand,
"I paint the queen, for her and me
I'm painting immortality."

"I paint the queen, my queen," she cries, And lifts her skilful brush; The light of love illumes her eyes, And genius that doth hush All petty jealousies, and mean; She only thinks, "I paint the queen."

Oh, Queen of portrait painters, thou Still livest. There remains
So much of thee that's living now,
So much that lives and reigns;
For, thou hast given thy Queen and thee,
Beauty in immortality.

I seem to hear thy voice unite
With hers in tuneful song;
I seem to hear her jesting bright,
That bodes not any wrong;
And, as I look, the teardrop starts
For her, the queen of broken hearts.

Yes, peerless queen of broken hearts; And queen of colors bright; In Love's dominion and in Art's, Ye ruled with gay delight — On Fame's bright tablet, let us set These names, Le Brun and Antoinette.



ROWING ACROSS.

"Will you row me across my peasant maid?" Said the prince, "then take my hand." Her bonny brown hand in his own was laid, And she led him from the land; And her golden braids with the our-beats toss, As she silently rows the prince across.

The prince gazes down to her tiny feet,
And up to her shining eyes,
Where his tender looks no answer meet,
But one of demure surprise.
And the quiet prince, and peasant seem
To be floating into a happy dream.

Her pull is firm, and her stroke is sure,
As she steadily rows across,
Watching his face in the water pure
She gives her oars a toss.
"By your sylvan garb, and stately mien,
My boatman," he says, "is a forest Queen."

They reach the shore; the maiden lands,
And she murmurs, "Come after me."
She carries his armor in her hands
Till the castle door they see;
But she gives his silver a backward toss,
As she murmurs: "I wanted to row you across."

She is gone. He enters the castle hall,
Where he finds an honored place;
Till he sees, through the door, a maiden tall
Come in, with a blushing face.

Says the Duke, "My daughter." With vexed surprise,
His fair boat-woman, the prince espies.

Life's river nearer the ocean flows;
The maiden becomes a queen;
Still simple and kindly, each subject knows
The Austrian's stately mien;
But her fairest jewels, away she would toss,
To play the old game of rowing across.

Look. The monarch is taking her hand.
Listen. He softly saith,
"No maiden in all Bavarian land
Like my wife Elizabeth.
Together upon the waves, we toss,
And she is rowing me safe across."

List! 'Tis the sound of wailing woe!
Doth the Prince forget his vow?
Is it for this her teardrops flow,
And all unmindful now,
Of her whose love still lingereth,
Doth he forget Elizabeth?

Oh no. The king doth not forget, Or, will forget no more, 'Tis not for this her eyes are wet, But, at her palace door, Her only son, her joy, and pride-Lies a dishonored suicide. "We did not think such woe could be, When floating down the stream — Nor think that such deep agony Could follow Love's young dream." The weeping monarch whispereth, "My faithful wife, Elizabeth."

Hark! 'Tis the dreadful, murderous knife!
Look! 'tis the falling queen!
Dark anarchy, its his work is rife.
Where life and joy have been,
Another victim lies in death;
Oh, can it be Elizabeth?

"Why did they slay my precious queen? She'd done no mortal wrong;
Nor had one harmful thought, between Her night and morning song."
The aged Francis Joseph saith,
"My martyred wife, Elizabeth."

He's rowing, rowing, rowing still,
But with a trembling hand,
Soon will he reach the shore. Soon will
The princess bid him land.
But now, as billows rise and toss,
All alone he rows across.

PIERPOLE, THE LAST INDIAN OF THE SANDY.

By the banks of Mussul Unsquit, in the days of long ago,

Looking at the shining water, and the ripples downward flow,

On a pleasant August morning, at the rising of the sun,

Pierpole, last of all the red men, and the truest, bravest one,

Pierpole, last of all the red men of the Sandy, watched its glow,

On a pleasant August morning, of a summer long ago.

All the air was filled with fragrance of the balsam and the pine,

Full of wildness and of beauty; where the purple columbine

Bloomed beside the Mussul Unsquit, standing by the river's side,

Hannah Susup watched the warrior, whom her love had glorified.

All the air was filled with perfume of the balsam and the fir

While dark Hannah looked at Pierpole, and while Pierpole looked at her.

By their side was Iganoosè, Oppalunski held her hand.

By their side was Joseph Susup, darkest savage of the land,

And the maidens Kate, and Hannah, and they listened, while he said,

"See, my squaw, my dark-eyed Hannah, that so long ago I wed,

See, my dark-eyed faithful Hannah, of the forest maids the best,

How the maple trees are waving by the singing robin's nest.'

"See the ash, for making baskets. See the salmon and the trout.

See the moose, and bear, and squirrel, that are roaming round about;

See the golden lights and shadows, Old Day Mountain and Mount Blue,

Gliding up the laughing valley, where I told my love to you,

Where our fathers killed the panther, ere the white man's axe had stirred

Yonder forest, or the echo of his footstep had been heard.

"Mussul. Unsquit Sandy River. Faithful Hannah, let us stay

By its ripples. Let us never from the valley go away.

For I love it; Oh, I love it, and my feet shall never go

From its brooksides, while Mt. Abram sends down streams of melted snow.

Mussul Unsquit. Sandy River. Faithful Hannah, let us raise

On its bank another wigwam, for the closing of our days."

"I can hear the white man's footstep stealing up the winding vale.

They are coming' murmured Hannah, and her swarthy face grew pale.

"Let us go. I do not love them, all the other braves have gone:

They have left these woods forever, and we must not stay alone.

Let us go to the Penobscot where it rushes to the sea,

Let us go'' cried swarthy Hannah, "Pierpole, will you go with me?"

But old Pierpole would not listen. "Let us stay awhile," he said.

White men's hand, it is not bloody, it is faithful as the red

If you clasp it like a brother's, I have proved him long ago

When I lived with mine own people. I have tried him and I know.

When I lived with mine own people, I could clasp the white man's hand,

And our noble Androscoggins did not drive him from the land."

"Humph!" then answered Hannah Susup, "Oh, how little do you know.

All the whites are thieves and robbers; you will find that it is so.

All this valley was the red man's, from the sunrise to the west.

They have come to steal our valleys. Do you love the paleface best?

Humph! I hate the pale-faced robbers; you will never, never see

Hannah smoke the pipe of friendship, with the

"Hush, my woman," Pierpole answered, "Hush my woman, you are wrong.

I have learned the white man's language; I have listened to it long.

White man gave me corn of kindness, when a captive I was made,

And they saved me from the vengeance of your warriors. I had stayed,

I had died, but white men saved me, black-eyed Hannah, hear me say,

White man offered corn of kindness, I remember it to-day.

"Hark, my woman," Pierpole answered, "Faithful Hannah, see this hand!

See this scar upon my finger! Woman do you understand?

That the tomahawk has cut it? Hannah, Hannah, let us wait,

Till we see the white man's rifle, pointing toward our homes in hate.

No, he will not burn our baskets, will not shoot us with his gun,

I would stay by Mussul Unsquit, till the hunt of life is done.''

So beside the Mussul Unsquit, Pierpole built his hut once more,

Till the white men settled round him, built their dwellings by his door.

When he saw their better houses, then he built a cabin too,

Down beside the running water, where the mill-stream murmurs through.

There he caught the trout and salmon, there he trapped the yellow fox.

There he planted corn and barley, while the white men raised their flocks.

Hannah loved her swarthy Pierpole, so she stayed and worked with him,

Hoed his corn, and cooked his venison. Helped him cut the willow limb

For the baskets that she made him; brought the sugar from the tree;

Sold the baskets and the sugar, but she never wished to see

Any white man cross her threshold; never smiled on white man's child,

But remained a sullen savage in the Mussul Unsquit wild.

Hannah sold the maple sugar to the Eastmans and the Reads,

And the Porters and the Hunters, sold them moccasins and beads.

To the Titcombs and the Belchers, and the Wendells, Hannah sold

Baskets full of maple sugar, and she took their scanty gold;

But she never smiled upon them, never sent a pleasant gift

To the white man's wife, but ever, scornful eyes

to hers would lift.

When she met them on the hillside, all the little ones would say,

"There goes ugly, hateful Hannah, we must run from her to-day."

Soon the dwellings thicker, faster, up and down the valley rise,

And the settlers faster, faster, lift their chimneys to the skies.

Then they burn the smoking cut-down, burn the birch and poplar trees,

Drive the fish, the cod and salmon, farther downward to the seas.

"Come, my brave," said Hannah Susup, "come my Pierpole, it is time.

Let us leave the Mussul Unsquit; to the northward we will climb.

Let us leave the brook and mountain, leave them to the white man's tread;

Let us find my own Norridgewocks, in the land where they've fled.

Leave the white man, and his village, come, my Pierpole, it is time:

To the northward, or the eastward, or the southward, let us climb."

But old Pierpole would not listen, or would listen, but to say,

"We will wait, my faithful Hann th, till I want to go away."

But the graceful Oppalunski, Pierpole's best beloved child,

Best-beloved child of Hannah, drooped and faded like a wild,

Broken sapling of the forest, that the woodman's axe has cut,

Died without the priestly blessing, in her father's humble hut;

All without the priestly blessing, to the skies her spirit went.

"Cursed of God," said Hannah Susup, and her groans to Heaven she sent.

As the star-eyed Oppelunski on the river looked her last,

Breathed her last faint sigh of anguish, Pierpole held his rifle fast.

Aimed it toward the blue of Heaven, saying, "Oppclunski, go!

Go unto the Great Good Spirit, since He wills it should be so;

Oh, my star-eyed Oppalunski, brightest daughter of the land,

Go unto the Great Good Spirit, He will take you by the hand.

Then old Pierpole took the hatchet, from the corner where it stood,

Cut the hand of Oppalunski, from the wrist, and, in its blood,

Bore it through the wailing forest; bore it weeping, praying, till

He had found a priest to bless it. Backward coming, cold and still,

In her grave beside the river, laid his darling and he said,

"Oh, my gentle Oppalunski, can it be that thou art dead?"

"Cursed of God," said Hannah Susup, "Cursed of God, oh, will you hear?

Will you go to our own people? Do you not this cursing fear?

Will you leave the pale-faced robbers? Pierpole, Pierpole, will you start?

I must surely go without you, leave you with a broken heart.

"Cursed of God," said Hannah Susup, "Cursed of God, oh, Pierpole hear,

Will you go to your own people? Good Great Spirit, give him fear.''

"We will go," said Pierpole sadly, "if the curse of God we bear;

We will leave the fatal valley, leave the glorious mountain air,

Leave the blue-ledge and the wigwam, leave the mill-stream and the pine,

Down the rocky Mussul Unsquit, that shall carry me and mine.

We will go," said Pierpole sadly, "no more curses will I take.

We will go, I know not whither, for my Hannah Susup's sake."

Then the sad-faced, broken Pierpole, strong and true, as he was mild,

Made canoes of birch and willows, for the mother, for the child,

Placed his Hannah and the children, side by side within the boat,

Down the river rowed them chanting, chanting, chanting as they float:

"Down the Sandy river we go, Ewayea, Ewayea, Down wherever it may flow, Ewayea, Ewayea.

Nushka, Nushka, look not so, Ewayea, Ewayea, Look not backward, onward go, Ewayea, Ewayea.

Moon of the falling leaves shall rise, Ewayea, Ewayea, Moon of snow-shoes light the skies, Ewayea, Ewayea.

Star of the East shall twinkle still, Ewayea, Ewayea, Star of the West shall light the hill, Ewayea, Ewayea.

The mountain shall wear its plume of snow, Ewayea, Ewayea. Onward the river still shall flow, Ewayea, Ewayea."

Thus the Indian and his children and his silent weeping wife,

Floated, chanting as they floated, from the wondering settler's life.

Only once, he stopped his rowing, stopped his sad and plaintive song,

Pitched his tent beside the river, where the falls were swift and strong.

Stayed awhile, and looked, and listened. Did he mean to say farewell

To the valley, and the mountain, while the waters rose and fell?

"See," said one who looked upon them, "see the last of all the band,

Pierpole, hunter of the Sandy, goes into a stranger land.

Leaves the valley of his fathers. He will never more come back.

See! he wears his Indian blanket, and his waving plume of black,

Wears his shining silver medal, and his bracelets; by his side

Frowning, sits old Hannah Susup, Look! across the stream they ride.

See the little Kate, and Joseph; see young Mollie Susup there,

See the corpse of Oppalunski. Iganoosè, too, they bear.

Yes, they bear them in their blankets, for the holy priest to bless,

Carry them, we know not whither, through the pathless wilderness.

Far from any white man's footstep, far from any white man's prayer,

They are going. God be with them. He can find them anywhere."

By the falls stayed brave old Pierpole, last of all the Sandy braves,

By the falls, stayed mournful Hannah, till she smiled upon the waves,

Until suns twice two had risen, till the third one tinged the sky,

Then, without a word of farewell, when, to Heaven, mounted high

Smoke from every white man's cottage, down the river went their boat,

Down the river, they are floating, chanting, chanting as they float:

Star of the East shall twinkle still, Ewayea, Ewayea, Star of the West shall light the hill, Ewayea, Ewayea.

The mountain shall wear its plume of snow, Ewayea, Ewayea, Onward, onward, still we go,

Ewayea, Ewayea.

Down the river Pierpole floated, far beyond the settler's ken,

Vanished the canoe forever, from the gaze of wondering men;

Whether to the rocking ocean, whether to Canadian shore,

Where he went, no white man knoweth, no man knoweth evermore.

No man knoweth, no man telleth, but adown the singing river,

Far away from Mussul Unsquit, went the Indian forever.

Years have widened to a century; white man's children own the spot

Where old Pierpole lived with Hannah, all, except his name forgot.

Grows a pine-tree, higher, higher, as the distant past recedes.

Stands a ruin, by the river, where old Hannah told her beads.

There I have a little cottage; there I listen to a brook,

Murmuring the song of childhood. There I love to sit, and look.

But my heart is often asking, as I watch my towering pine,

Brookside, meadow, forest, cottage, by what right can ye be mine?

Ye were given me by my father. Where are Pierpole's children now?

Are his dusky children's children, wandering still?

Do they know how

Pierpole looked upon Mount Abram? Do they ever tell to-day,

How they floated down the river, on that morning, far away?

Yonder is a sacred acre. Grave, and stone, and monument.

There my mother lies. Does Hannah, lie unhonored, where she went?

"Child! be silent," voices whisper. "Search no more for things unknown.

Sometime, somewhere, here, or yonder, every one shall find his own."



THE KING OF ROME.

Sweet Image of a winsome child,
We who for beauty long,
And seek it pure and undefiled,
In picture or in song,
While we the painter's praises sing,
And own the power of art,
Would choose thee for our picture-king,
Enthroned within the heart.

Thy Father's throne hath passed away;
His memory doth wane,
Republics rule the land to-day
And triumph once again.
But oh, that picture's fadeless grace,
The years have failed to dim.
Napoleon liveth in that face;
We look, and pity him;

Yet do not cry, "Oh for a strong Right arm like his to bind The chains of anarchy;" but long To keep this truth in mind; That good from evil oft doth start, As if it were its home. As, in the heart of Bonaparte, There lived the King of Rome.

HIS STORY.

He lay within his cradled bed
That shone with many a gem,
And blinked into his father's face,
Who touched his garment's hem,
And cried, "The promised heir has come,"
He shall be called "The King of Rome."

He lies within his father's arms
Outside the palace walls,
"My lords, protect the boy from harms,"
Napoleon proudly calls,
The while he shows the child to them,
Who's born to wear a diadem.

He smiles into the bishop's face,
At Sacred Notre Dame,
While holy baptism they place
Upon his brow; and calm,
And proud, and glad, Napoleon stands,
And holds the future monarch's hands.

He walks the marble palace floors,
His mother's arms between;
Nor dreams that once those gilded doors
Opened to Josephine.
The king of Rome, to-day, he is,
Within the royal Tuileries.

He leaves, one day, that happy home, The teardrops in his eye; He is no more the king of Rome; His father is not by, While with an anxious countenance The fated child departs from France.

Within the palace of Schoenbrunn, For many years, he pines; Napoleon does not see his son, But reads these trembling lines, "Oh, papa, papa, won't you come And see your little king of Rome."

Alas, no more the king of Rome;
The Duke of Reichstadt he,
Within his grandsire's Austrian home
Forever doomed to be,
While on a lonely, barren isle
His father pines for him, meanwhile.

The father dies, the mother lives,
But faithless to her own,
The boy his last breath faintly gives,
Nor sees his promised throne;
And, in an Austrian tomb, they place
The heir of the Napoleon race.

And have they met in some far spot,
The Emperor and King?
Where sin is not, and war is not,
And love is everything,
And earthly crowns are left below?
The King of kings alone doth know.

But, as I look upon that face,
So sweet, and fair, and true,
And all its lines of beauty trace,
I see, say do not you?
Within the glancing of that eye,
Some faint reflection of the sky.





THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

Again the thundering cannon roar
As on that April morn,
They had pealed forth long years ago,
To show a prince was born.
Boom, cannon, boom, blow trumpets, blow!
A prince, a royal prince ye know.

Again, at the baptismal font, A royal father stands, And holds, as loving men are wont, A smiling baby's hands. Lift, holy priest, your fervent prayer, And sprinkle sacred water there.

Two years, two brief and happy years! Why doth the father go
To Russian wars? Why, through his tears,
Look back, his boy to know?
Boom, cannon, boom! Fall, foemen, fall!
'Tis glorious Sebastapol!

Grim war again. Who bravely goes Close by his father's side, And sees defeat, and dimly knows A life unsatisfied? Listen! Oh, can it, can it be Defeat? Or, is it Victory?

A sound of triumph on the air, Transmuted to defeat; The Prince Imperial goes where The exiled wanderers meet; The Marseillaise, no more they sing, But sounds of grief are echoing.

Two years of mingled smiles and tears, And achings of the heart, And phantom joys, and homesick fears, And longings to depart, And visions vain that come and go, Forerunners of the coming woe.

And then a grave at Chiselhurst;
A father lying there;
For those whose place had been the first,
No homeland anywhere.

Oh, toll the bell, sad exiles toll! There passeth on a royal soul.

Why do the child and mother stay Upon the English shore, And look across the foaming bay, Their kingdom nevermore? "La Belle Paris! La belle Paris Adieu," cries homesick Eugenie.

Kind deeds from many noble hearts, And hearts of royal mien, Until alas, the prince departs, A soldier to the queen; And, far across the foaming sea, He sings "Britannia, 'tis of thee.'

He dies. The dreadful Zulu swords
Have pierced him to the death.
No one to hear his dying words,
Or take his latest breath;
But, chant a requiem, soft and sweet;
To-day a son and father meet.

A mother's groans, and bitter tears From gentle Beatrice. A broken heart through all the years, Until its throbbings cease. Ye sons of England, lone, bereft, A Queen upon your shores is left!

Oh, Prince Imperial, thou art A memory alone.

Thou livest in thy mother's heart,
Thine only earthly throne;
But, as from Heaven thou lookest down,
Thou dost not wish to wear a crown.

And as I think of thee, far more, Thy praises I would sing, Than his who palms of victory bore Through seas of slaughtering, Ring, joy-bells, I could almost cry! 'Twere better for the prince to die.

Thou didst not lead a conquering host, Nor see thy foemen fall. This only is thy mother's boast, "A Prince Imperial." Glad mothers, with this mother sing, "Another Prince has found his King."

THE ARTIST'S SECRET.

A Legend first told by Olive Schreiner.

A story strange and sweet
I read not long ago;
And I will now the tale repeat
If you would like to know.

Far, far across the sea
Where Art's full power is felt,
Within the land of Italy,
A wondrous artist dwelt.

He used one shade alone,
One color, but a glow
To other painters all unknown,
Seemed from his brush to flow.

And when his fellows cried,
"Whence comes that ruddy hue?"
He placed his hand upon his side
And whispered, "If you knew."

He watched his pictures grow From morn to eventide, Until, beneath their golden glow His thought was glorified.

With head bent toward the ground, He painted, painted on, While others sought, but never found The tints they looked upon. And one went to the East,
The wondrous hue to find,
Nor from his fruitless searching ceast,
Until his eyes were blind.

And one went to the West,
And from rare pigments, made
A color brighter than the rest,
Only to see it fade.

Whiter the artist grew,
His pale face purified,
But only those who robed him, knew
His secret, when he died.

When his white form they dressed
For burial, not far
From the still heart-beats of his breast,
They found a new-made scar.

For Death who seals all things,
The wounded side had healed,
But left the impress of his wings
Beneath the scar concealed.

Life's crimson tinged his brush;
This was the glorious hue;
And those who robed him whispered "Hush!"
And "If they only knew."

* * * * * * *

Ah, if we only knew
The secret of all art;
His work alone hath brightest hue,
Who painteth with the heart.



QUEEN LOUISE OF PRUSSIA.

If from that picture thou couldst come, Oh, radiant Queen Louise, And look upon thy former home And all its mysteries;

If vision were reality,
And thou couldst come from far,
And all the changeful empires see,
Where thy descendants are;

If that sweet face, with serious thought, Could break into a smile; That lace-like scarf, so finely wrought, Could fall one side awhile;

If, down the steps of long ago,
Thou couldst descend, to-day,
And all thy great-grandchildren know,
What should we hear thee say?

What wouldst thou think of Germany?
What wouldst thou think of Greece?
And all the lands beyond the sea
That wait the dawn of peace?

Oh, wouldst thou long to live awhile, Where thy successors are? And which one wouldst thou love the best, The Kaiser, King, or Czar? Those lips move not; that foot is still; Those fingers, white and fair, Must hold that trailing robe until It fades, but gazing there,

I almost think she's coming down, As in the long ago, To meet the dread Napoleon, And give him blow, for blow;

But no, she stands upon the stair, And looks at you and me, A vision, beautiful and fair, Of past reality.

THE CATHEDRAL OF THE WOODS.

One long remembered day,
In a cathedral grand
I stood, where people went to pray,
Within the German land.

The glory of the place
How well I recollect,
I seemed in every thing to trace
The unknown architect.

I gazed far up the pile
Through arches carved in stone,
And thanked the Lord I'd seen awhile
That Temple of Cologne.

Yet cared not much to find
An old divining rod,
It seemed so clear unto my mind
The architect was God.

* * * *

Within the templed grove,
Vocal with praise, and prayer,
I met, to-day, the God I love
Who dwelleth everywhere.

Far up through maple boughs
That intervening spread,
Arose the echo of my vows,
By woods interpreted.

"So high, so high," I cried,
"'Tis Nature's own Cologne.
These trees are pillars glorified,
To a cathedral grown."

And as I looked once more,
And saw the wondrous height,
And how the clinging summits bore
A roofing of delight,

I said, "This is the way
That richest natures grow;
When placed together. Day by day,
Perchance, it seemeth slow;

But higher still they rise,
Nor wish alone to stop
Until they lift unto the skies
Full verdure at the top.''

Thus let me daily grow;
Strong natures, by my side,
Until we make, above, below,
A Temple glorified.

And all sad hearts shall come
Beneath our spreading shade
And reach unto the skyward home
Sheltered, and unafraid.

* * * * *

Oh, Grand Cathedraled Wood,
No architect unknown
Hast Thou, but Thou hast done me good,
My Temple of Cologne!

THE CHAPEL OF THE SKIES.

I stood outside Old Sainte Chapelle,
And looked the windows o'er,
Till weariness upon me fell,
And I could look no more.
"What failures all those paintings are!"
I cried in ignorance.
"A child's attempts surpass by far
That pictured countenance."

I went within. — How changed the scene!
How glorious the view!
The outer lights flashed in between
The inner shades of blue,
And gold, and purple. All became
So strangely glorified,
I could not think it was the same
That I had seen outside.

And thus with life, I softly said,
As from the place I went,
God's glory is interpreted
Within. It is not meant
That mortal eyes shall understand
The temple dark and dim,
Until we take Him by the hand,
And go inside with Him.

Oh, then, what hues! What dazzling light! What pictures wondrous fair, Ungainly to the outer sight, Those shining windows wear!

So dark without! So bright within! All roughness seems to pass, And God's own handiwork is seen, Upon life's painted glass.

* * * * *

And thus, far more, the future life, We cannot understand
The meaning of the war and strife
Portrayed on every hand.
We see no lineaments of a saint
Where all this crudeness is,
And think, perchance, that we could paint
With greater skill than this. —

But when we are at last inside
The great Cathedral, where
God takes his children to abide,
What glories it doth wear.
The reason for each crooked mark
Made clear before our eyes,
We see how Love through windows dark,
Life's picture glorifies.

And we shall say, "How strange, how strange, We did not see before,"
And not one outline wish to change,
Or make one shading more,
For, all the colors strangely laid,
When inly understood,
Which seemed upon the outside made
Incapable of good—

Seen through the golden glow of love Burst forth to loveliness; Unknown, unseen, and, far above The heart of man to guess—
Then, eyes be not unsatisfied, Nor coldly criticize; For ye shall, sometime, look inside The Chapel of the Skies.

AT HOME.

Yes, I have been across the sea,
No more the sea of dreams.
The ocean has come true to me,
And it no longer seems
So very wide, so very far,
With dangers all beset;
Oh, blue, blue sea, with mirrored star,
Can I your face forget?

Across the sea — It is not much,
We go from star to star,
Familiar earth we seemed to touch
Beyond the horizon's bar.
The very flowers, our faces knew,
The buttercup and rose,
The violets wear New England blue,
The same old North wind blows.

We touched the shore, one summer day,
At old Boulogne-Sur-Mer.
We climbed the cliffs, above the bay,
Three thousand miles from here.
We watched the foam-specked emerald sea,
We climbed again the hills,
To pick a pink anemone
Among the daffodils.

We stand within the Luxembourg And in the Louvre, at last, We see the pictures that endure, Old masters of the past. We dream before Murillo's art,
His rare madonna's nigh,
But seem to see, while tear drops start,
Our own sweet mother's eye.

We scale the Jura's rugged heights,
Through rustic Mouthier,
Grand are the visions that delight
Our eyes along the way.
But as we reach the highest steep,
Or cross the rushing Lou,
Our home-sick hearts with longings leap,
For hills beyond the blue.

We cross the turbid Rhine, and stay
To hear the woodland song.
Black-Forest firs o'ershade the way
And wave sweet tunes along.
We pass the wondrous bridge of boats,
We touch the Rhine again,
And smile, as down the steamer floats,
And dream we are in Maine.
The same Aurora gilds the sky,
The same sweet summer glow
Steals o'er the vales, and, from on high,
The same soft moonbeams flow.

The Blue Alsatian hills combine
With school-time's sweetest songs.
The sound of Bingen on the Rhine
To other days belongs.

The castles of the early Gauls,
The statued monument,
With pictures on remembered walls
Mysteriously are blent.

We ride to sound of olden tunes
Through Holland's level lands,
We see the wind-mills, and the runes,
And shining cattle bands.
We see the dykes of Amsterdam,
To Leyden we draw near,
Above the plains, we hear the psalm
Our fathers chanted here.

In Holland's happy Hague we stay
One summer day, and more.
We clasp kind hands that point the way
At Scheveningen shore;
Those shining eyes, that golden hair,
Those hearts so kind and free,
An image and a memory bear,
Of life across the sea.

Beyond the channel, is a land
By father's fathers known,
Its language we can understand,
Its history is our own.
Its very names, we speak them still,
In Lewiston or Strong.
Its tunes are ours. Its ballads thrill
Our hearts like home-folk songs.

We look upon a lofty pile,
Westminster's storied fame;
We gaze around each sacred aisle
For some familiar name.
They all are ours, we claim them still,
Through kinship of the years,
But one, alone, our eyes can fill
With sympathetic tears.

'Tis Longfellow's; we see with pride
His face on yonder bust.

We joy to read his name beside
The Old World's honored dust.

A Shakespeare's plays, a Browning's songs,
A Lowell's gracious vision,
They are a kin. To them belongs
Relationship Elysian.

And here we find the kinship traced,
Those chapter windows shine
With deeds of English Stanley, placed
By Lowell's dreams divine.
If Launfaul from his dream could wake,
Or lift the vision's veil,
The cup of joy his hand would take;
Death finds the Holy Grail.

We sail once more the silent sea; Old Neptune is asleep, For, as we float, full merrily Our joy drops down the deep. And this the song we love to sing, The sea, the sea is wide, But shore to shore shall lift its wing, And find the other side.

And oh, the earth is not so wide,
For God is everywhere,
And heart to heart may be allied,
Or here, or over there.
The world is round, the grand old world,
And though betimes we roam,
The heart is glad when sails are furled
And findeth home, sweet home.

And thus, as o'er life's sea we sail,

The beautiful and sweet

Seem like some half-remembered dream,

We're longing to repeat.

The dearest things that life has known,

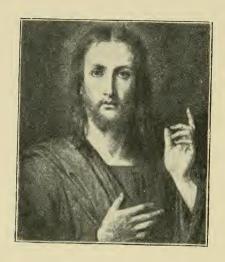
The smile, the loving kiss,

Are they mementoes, handed down

From other worlds than this?

The hills of home, they sometimes seem In our divinest hours,
The half-formed outlines of a dream That, waking, shall be ours.
Ah, when we reach the other side,
Beyond the ocean's foam,
Will it be sweet, where we abide,
To say, "This looks like home?"

It may be so — I hope it will,
Though Heaven hath better things,
And greater joys our souls shall thrill,
Than those the fire-side brings.
Yet, it an added joy would give
To even that land's bliss,
If some glad prospect could revive
The precious things of this.



THE FACE OF JESUS.

It is a night of pleasure at St. Paul,
St. Paul, the city that some people call
The rival of its neighbor. Often there,
The people gather for a good time, where
The halls are open every day and night,
Some strange new thing to show the enraptured sight.

This night, unto the assembled crowd are shown Pictures of famous people they have known. All eagerly they look upon the screen Where the familiar faces should be seen, But oh, how dim! Impatiently they gaze Upon the wall. There seems a misty haze

On every picture, and the rabble cry, "More light, more light," or "Lay that picture by."

As, one by one, half-hidden views appear,
The raging multitude, in tones severe,
Deride them all; a dim, demure Mozart
They laugh to scorn, and cry, "Oh glorious art!"
A Roosevelt is pushed into the slide;
"How strenuous! Oh, put that daub aside,"
Cries many a voice; a Whittier faintly shines
In strange perspective, and half-vanished lines,
"Snowbound!" they cry, "Oh, take that picture
out."

(The exhibition nears a shameful rout). "George Weshington" the frightened leaders try, The crowd screams louder, "Never tell a lie!" Confusion worse confounded doth increase What shall be done to make the tumult cease? Look! Look! upon the wall a face appears, Benignant, beautiful. Put by your fears. The light grows brighter. From the lifted screen.

An eye looks forth, divinest ever seen.
It is the Christ. Upon the crowd He beams,
The noise is hushed, a breathless silence seems
To fall upon the place. "Peace, Peace, Be Still'
He seems to murmur. Quiet reigns until
The exhibition ends. Each slide, though dim,
Reflects somehow, the perfect light of Him
Whom all men love. Unto the very close
A rapt attention every picture knows;
And, as the crowd disperse, some whisperingsay,
"The Christ has calmed the seas again to-day."



THE CHRIST OF THE ANDES

Upon the snowy Andes' topmost height.
A statue stands, it is a glorious sight,
And those who view its huge dimensions say,
"Why is that lofty statue here, to-day?
Why does it stand upon a height that looks
On Argentina's and on Chili's nooks?
By whose strong hewing were those boulders done
That the great statue sets its foot upon?
What is the figure that so grandly lifts
Its golden Cross above the mountain rifts

And points to Heaven? Is it the Christ I see? Why is the statue here? Oh, answer me, Ye crags and hills; ye upward-lying plains, Ye snowy chasms where destruction reigns, Why is it here?" Look, Traveler, once more, What dost thou read? A thought unfelt before? Thou readest "Peace", The Christ looks o'er the land.

To Chili, or to Argentine. His hand Pointing to Heaven, confirms the promise made, That two republics, once in strife arrayed, Shall fight no more. Oh Brothers of the South, Oh, papal priests! let every heart and mouth Give meed of praise. While stronger nations

fight

Ye have looked Heavenward for a guiding light;
And, on this peak, Oh, Brothers, — that for aye
Brothers indeed shall be, ye placed, one day,
A monument — True token let it be
Of universal love and amity.
Brothers and sisters Catholic, ye shame
Those that perchance, have looked upon your

With doubt or dread — Upon this stone they read, "He who would serve the Christ, in word and deed, Let him have peace — No longer let the sword Be raised against the neighbor — To the Lord Leave every quarrel — Lift the Holy Cross, And not the bayonet — Far backward toss The iron for the deadly battleship. Build schools and colleges — Let every lip As doth the mountain-top, sing war's surcease, Till continent to continent shall echo *Peace*.''

THE PRESENCE OF THE KING.

"Oh! that I might Do some great deed for Fatherland to-night!" A maiden said, and stood beside the well From which the mossy bucket rose and fell. "Some wondrous deed', she said "which fame would bring

Until it reached the palace of the king. And He should send for me, and I behold My gracious prince. It would be joy untold To hear his voice; to hear him softly say: 'Well done, sweet maid!'

"Alas! I only stay Beside the well, and fill, from night to morn My cup, to give the thirsty, and forlorn; But I will do my duty — none shall sav They lack for water, as they pass today."

A weary youth approached the wayside well; His steps were weak — upon the ground he fell; She lifted him; she gave the grateful cup; He drank; He was revived, and, looking up, Exclaimed: "Oh! maiden fair, thou hast well done!

Thy daily deeds were small; but one by one Thou hast performed them — due reward they bring

To thee, at last; for lo! I am the King!"

Do little duties bravely — it may be
The Christ is in the one that's next to thee;
And if thou dost it well, 'twill surely bring
To thee — at last — the presence of the King!

SIMPLICITY THE HIGHEST ART.

From many countries happy travellers came Unto the Exposition. Every name And race and language were collected there To see the glories of the Lake-side Fair.

I enter with the crowd — I wondering gaze Upon the great White City, many days.— The Court of Honor, and the Peristyle, And the great Fount, I see; I walk awhile Around the splendid buildings that can show A fleeting glory; with amaze I go To castles and to palaces that seem The realizing of my childhood's dream Of Fairy-land. Unto the Museum, The Palace of Great Art, at length, I come. How my eyes glisten! as I move along! What glorious statues! What embodied song! Why do I smile? Why do the tear-drops start?

I have awakened to the power of art,
Unfelt before — Beside a grand Corot,
A radiant Rubens, or Correggio,
A Bouquereau, a Barbizon — Millet,
Or Alma-Tadema, a while I stay.
A bright Makart its half-nude maidens shows,
The symboled "Senses" — Michael Angelos,
In copied casts, are there; Velasquez' Kings
Of Spain; Blake's wild imaginings;
Reynold's Child Angels; Portraits by Malbone
"The Horse-fair," "Knaus" Madonna," the
"Alone"

Of Israels — The quaint "Leif Ericson" Of a Norwegian artist," — One by one I view these pictures till my tired eyes long To rest awhile and watch the passing throng— Just down the corridor a crowd I see Before a picture — gazing quietly; No word is spoken, but with tear-dimmed eyes — They look upon it — Wondering I rise And stand beside them — 'Tis a homely scene (A cottage kitchen) sandwiched in between More gorgeous paintings. Why do hundreds stay. Beside the canvas every passing day? Only a humble home! A mother stands And holds her son, departing, by the hands, And looks a fond goodby. A simple thing! But every heart to it is answering. Each mother sees her boy — each man descries His own dear mother — Memory glorifies The country cottage — Thither thousands press, And watch the scene with tearful happiness — Oh, while grand pictures are forgotten there, "Home ties" will be remembered everywhere.

Remembered, yes, my heart remembers still. This wood-cut copy can my eye-lids fill.

Though Hovenden, the printer, early died, And, through "a child's life saved" was glorified, His deed heroic may forgotten be, But not the picture — still it speaks to me Of home, and childhood, and a mother's heart. Simplicity! It is the highest Art!

THE WIVES' OBEDIENCE.

Come hither, my mountain children,
My boys both brave and true!
My girls, so sweet, and fair, and good,
I have a story for you.
A story for you my darlings,
In loving words exprest,
It shall be true,
And fresh and new,
I'll do my very best.

Then children, gather round me,
Come Kate, my black-eyed one,
Come Delia, my sweet oriole,
Our long day's work is done.
I'll sit to night in my corner,
In this cozy old arm-chair,
Come Matt, and Bell,
A tale I'll tell
If you'll sit beside me there.

Long, long ago, in old England,
There lived a wilful king,
Who demanded that all the people
Should mind him in everything.
They must do just the thing that he told them
This wise man upon the throne,
Must even pray
In the very way,
And the words that were his own.

So he ordered all of his subjects,

To go to the king's own meeting,
And stopped the preachers of other churches,
In the middle of their speaking.
In the middle of their sermon, girls,
And shut them up in jail.

"What a wicked king,"
Says Matt. Nothing
Could make their courage fail.

Down, down by the rushing ocean,
In the days of this wilful king,
Was a quiet little hamlet,
Where they heard the billows sing.
Where they heard the billows sing, boys,
But could not sing their Psalms,
For James, the king,
Was listening,
With soldiers all in arms.

Sometimes, to the secret caverns,

They went, of a Sabbath day,
And worshipped the God of their fathers,
In a very simple way.
In a very simple way, girls,
The way they loved the best,
But when King James
Found out their names,
They had no peace nor rest.

Then they longed to leave old England, And go to a happier land, But the king said "No, you cannot go You must do as I command. Must do as I command you,
Must sing and pray like me.
The way is plain,
You must remain,
And use my liturgy.''

But these people were very stubborn
When they thought that they were right,
So they hired an old Dutch captain,
To carry them off some night.
To carry them off, some night, boys,
And nobody else should know,
For they could sing,
In spite of the king,
In the land where they wished to go.

So they sold their humble dwellings,
And stored their goods in chests,
And, one night, just after the robins
Had gone into their nests,
They left the dear old home-nests,
And went to the sandy shore,
Each boy and man
To the vessel ran,
And carried their chests before.

But hark! 'Tis the noise of the bugle.
The soldiers have heard the tale;
Woe, woe to the simple gospellers,
The captain is going to sail.
The captain is going to sail, girls,
Alas, he will not wait
To save the lives
Of maids and wives,
But leaves them to their fate.

He leaves the wives and children,
All wailing by the sea.
Who call aloud to the captain,
"Come back, come back for me."
But only the roaring water
Answers the wailing cry,
And far away,
Adown the bay,
The vessel is sailing by.

Within a gloomy prison,

These women still are heard.

They call to the soldiers around them,

And they send to the king this word:

"Send us, Oh, king of the English

To our husbands over the sea.

Should we obey

Their will? Oh, say,

What the part of a wife should be?"

Then wise King James was puzzled.
What answer he should give,
Must not women obey their husbands,
As long as both shall live?
As long as both shall live, men,
And shall I hold to-day,
In a prison cell,
Those who so well,
Their husbands would obey?

If I send them to their dwellings,
No food or clothes they own,
The husbands have carried all their store,
To a land where I'm unknown.

To a land where I'm unknown men, Shall I support the wives? Or shall I say, "Go, from this day, United be your lives?"

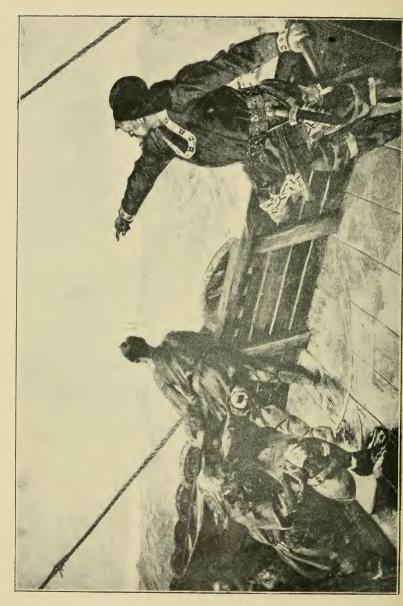
I cannot keep them in prison;
For my own church would hate
A king, who punished a faithful wife
For wishing to join her mate.
For wishing to join her husband,
Ah, I shall have no peace
Till these women go,
It must be so,
How the gospellers do increase!'

And so a staunch old vessel,
One pleasant April day,
Sailed into the little harbor,
And anchored in the bay.
And anchored in the bay, girls,
And all the happy bands
Wives, little ones,
Daughters and sons,
Sailed for the Netherlands.

And how they landed in Holland,
And how their sweethearts wept,
And how their happy households
Their old religion kept.
Their old religion kept, boys,
The very grand old way,
Some other time,
In prose or rhyme,
I'll tell, but not to-day.

And how perchance, some Prudence,
Who wept on the village shore,
Has many a blushing descendant,
Who lives by your very door.
Who lives by your very door, girls,
And still is true to the right,
Like the mothers before.
I will tell no more,
Now sing me a song to-night.

Yes, sing me a song to-night, girls,
While I sit in the same armchair,
And you stand around the piano,
And play me the dear old air
That I used to hear in my childhood,—
"The breaking waves dashed high,"
Come Delia and Bell,
You can pay me well,
For my story if you try.



LEIF ERICSON.

Across the pathless sea they sailed,
Leif Ericson and his crew.
The tempest roared; the wild winds wailed;
They spread their sails anew.
"On! On! still on, my men!" he cried.
I'm sure there is another side."

Behind them are Norwegian pines,
And Greenland's snow-capped plains,
And Iceland fields, and Swedish mines,
And dwellings of the Danes.
Three thousand miles of surging foam
Between them and their distant home.

They seek a land of flowery spring, Of balmy summer days, Where, all the year, the robins sing And woods are filled with praise. But ah! the Western air is cold No music do the waters hold.

* * * *

Leif Ericson enraptured stands
One sunny April day,
And westward points his eager hands;
"Look comrades! Look this way!"
He cries; for lo! The horizon's brim
Lifts up the longed-for land to him.

"'Tis there! 'Tis there!' at length he cries, As to the West he peers, "See, comrades! Hills on hills arise, Dry up your homesick tears.' "Land! land!" he calls, his grand eyes lit With joy; "but oh! what land is it?"

* * * *

Leif Ericsons are we, and all
On life's Atlantic go,
And watch the waters rise and fall,
And sunsets fade and glow,
And wonder, wonder, as we glide,
What land is on the other side.

The ocean almost crossed, we gaze
Upon the horizon's brink.

"Tis there! 'Tis there! A few more days
And we shall land,' we think.
But when its shores our eyes have lit
We blindly cry, "Oh, what is it?"

Sad sailor, standing on the deck,
As yonder shore draws near!
Fear not upon the rocks to wreck;
The pilot's eye is clear.
And he will guide your wondering quest
To the America of Rest.

"Oh, what is it? Oh, where is it?"
No longer will you say,
But, "Oh, how glorious to commit
Myself to it to-day"—
Perhaps you'll say, twixt smile and tear,
"I did not think it was so near."



THE SHADOW OF HER FACE.

TO MY SISTER'S PHOTOGRAPH — 1888-1906.

Thy picture hangs above the bed Where we were wont to lie, And looks upon my lonely head With a protecting eye.

I sometimes think within those eyes
Thy spirit lingereth,
And almost see the lids arise
And listen for thy breath.

Only a shadow — thou art gone.
Oh, where thy soul-self is,
Hast thou into a something grown
More beautiful than this?

What robe immortal dost thou wear? What perfect form is thine? What gold of heaven illumes thy hair? What gems thy forehead twine?

Thy very self I fain would see, When, through the gates ajar I view thee beckoning unto me, Where all the angels are.

When we thy eighteenth birthday spent, Well I remember now
Thy radiant face, thine eyes that lent
New glory to thy brow.

Thine eighteenth birthday into Heaven, What doth its dawning show? Dost thou beloved, transformed, forgiven, Remember us below?

Dost ever listen for my voice Or footsteps drawing near? Dost thou in all my joys rejoice, And do I grow more dear?

I do not know, but this I know, As I thy picture see, The shadow of thy face doth grow More beautiful to me.



THE LEDGE.

I remember a rock by the river,
A wide and sloping ledge,
Where we often walked together, love,
Down by the water's edge.
Where we picked the early Mayflower
And pledged our love anew,
And carved our names
In deep-cut frames,
Do you remember too?

I went to the dear old ledge, love,
Only the other day;
And I walked along the very slope
Where we ran in childhood's May.
I saw the olden carvings
And I looked for yours and mine.
They were washed away;
They could not stay
Down by the water-line.

Far off in a quiet corner,
Beneath a low fir tree
I read in undimmed markings
The letters, "M. J. B."
I thought of the dear old choir love,—
And from it seemed to flow
A full rich tone
Like Jenny's own
Singing so long ago.

I thought as I looked around, love,
And remembered the happy past,
I almost thought for a moment
That nothing on earth could last.
For the best of all the names, I said
Once on these ledges shown,
Have vanished here
To reappear
Upon some church yard-stone.

Then a voice seemed to come from the river
And to echo through the air
In sweet and soothing tones, love,
It whispered "Child, Beware!
Life hath its crumbling ledges,
Death hath its grave-yard stone,
But up above
Is a world of love,
And decay is there unknown."

I heard the warning voice, love,
I heard and I mean to heed,
For I hope in the Book of Life, love,
Those vanished names to read.
And I trust the Rock of Ages
Once cleft for you and me,
Our names will bear
In letters clear
Through all eternity.

LOFE















